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AN ESSAY

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ON THE

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

AND

NATIONAL SONGS.

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BY STEPHEN SALISBURY.

*Member of the American Antiquarian Society, &c., &c.*

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Read before the American Antiquarian Society, at their Annual Meeting, October 21, 1872.

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES AND SONGS.

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WORCESTER, MASS.  
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Lewis W Tappan Esq

*With the respects of the writer.*

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER AND NATIONAL SONGS.

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As a slight cloak of propriety, if not of dignity, for a subject that may be considered of little importance, to which I will invite the attention of the society, for a few minutes, I will offer a familiar quotation from Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, a quotation of some value to Fletcher, for it has given him his best hold on the memory of modern times. He writes: "I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." If this should be thought to be exaggeration, it will not be doubted that national songs, in some degree, form and indicate the character of a people, and are therefore worthy of historical notice. I am not aware that there is more important proof of this power of the Muses than is found in the influence of the song entitled "The Star Spangled Banner" during the struggles for the life of our nation in the last twelve years. In the efforts and sufferings of the camp, the battle-field and the prison, and in the discouragements and sacrifices of those who upheld the national arm at home, the untiring repetition of its inspiring strains, and the "marching on" of a more humble and more energetic chorus, kept up the strength and enthusiasm

of confident hope. Thus the "Star Spangled Banner" has become a favorite of our people. It is well known that it was written by Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, in September, 1814, and it was begun on board of a ship of the British fleet lying near Fort McHenry, to which he had gone to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. To prevent his giving intelligence to his countrymen of the intention to make a combined attack by sea and land on Baltimore, he was detained as a prisoner of war. There he anxiously watched the flag of his country floating over the fort through the day, and in the darkness of the night caught occasional glimpses of it, in the explosion of the shells and rockets by which it was assailed; and when morning dawned, he saw with thrilling delight that the beautiful ensign still waved over its brave defenders. This scene and the emotions that it excited, he has painted and expressed in this pathetic and inspiring song. The origin of the appropriate tune, that gives strength and deeper feeling to the words, is not so well known. Every one can readily say, that the tune is taken from the old English song, entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven." But I have inquired in vain of the most learned *belles lettres* scholars and musicians that I know or could approach, for the author of the words or the music, or the date of either. The song as printed in the "Universal Songster," published in London from 1825 to 1834, has the name of Ralph Tomlinson as the author. Multiplied inquiries and research in all biographies and indexes that I can consult, have not discovered the name; yet the song has grace, beauty and wit, and is enriched with happy classical ornaments, and it seems to be a thing that could not be disowned or forgotten. It existed

to be the model of the song by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., called "Adams and Liberty," at the period when Thomas Moore was first known as a poet, and it is almost worthy of his pen, but it has never been attributed to him. It is commonly called an old English song, but the earliest imprint of it that I have seen, is in my copy of "The Vocal Companion," published in Philadelphia, by Matthew Carey, in 1796. The Nightingale, printed in Boston in 1804, has the words and the music, but not the name of the author. It seems then to be a case in which the best evidence must be obtained from the party on trial, and the song must speak for itself. Its first words are :

"To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,  
A few sons of harmony sent their petition,"

and the last line and the chorus are :

" May our club flourish happy, united and free ;  
And long may the Sons of Anacreon entwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus' Vine."

We have here the fact that the song was written for a musical club, called the Sons of Anacreon. Of this club I can find no other mention. With a general resemblance to the poetry of Moore, there are sentences that have not his choice English, as for instance, the line above, "May our club flourish happy, united and free," which is more like the language of the republican contemporaries of Robert Treat Paine, than the verses of the wits of the earlier time of the first Georges or of Queen Anne, to whom the song has vaguely been attributed.

The Historical Magazine, vol. 3, p. 23, states that the tune was originally set to the song "To Anacreon in heaven,"

by Dr. Arnold. Many notices of Dr. Samuel Arnold, who lived from 1739 to 1802, do not support this statement, though they mention inferior music. The accompaniment is more remarkable than the poetry. Its character is strong and decided, yet it is graceful and flexible, and adapts itself with equal success to the sport of the revellers, to the anxious thoughts of the patriot prisoner, and to the exulting tones of national strength.

As an apology for this research of much length and little fruit, it may be remembered that the successful investigation of authorship of subjects for intellectual entertainment is not a waste of time for idle curiosity. The enjoyment of the works of our greatest favorites is increased by a sense of personal gratitude.\*

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\* By the kindness of Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, late U. S. Minister to Greece, a letter from William Chappell, Esq., F. S. A., dated at Heather Down, Ascot, Berkshire, G. B., Jan. 6, 1873, has been obtained, which gives all that can be desired, about the origin of "To Anacreon in heaven" from very high English authority in the history and the art of Music. Mr. Chappell writes that he "made a former correspondent a present of my original copy and retained only a transcript of the heading, which is as follows: 'The Anacreontic Song—as sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, the words by Ralph Tomlinson, Esq., late President of the Society. Price 6d;' with the tune, which was composed by John Stafford Smith. The latter published 'The Anacreontic Song,' harmonized by the author at page 33 'of A fifth book of canzonets, catches, &c., sprightly and plaintive, \* \* dedicated by permission to Viscount Dudley and Ward, by John Stafford Smith, gent. of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, author \* \* and of the Anacreontic and other popular songs.' \* \* I did not take note of the date of first publication, but the song was sufficiently popular to be pirated in Scotland in 1786, it being included, with the music, in the Musical Miscellany of that year, and again in 1788, in Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany, Edinburgh, 1788. 8vo. J. Stafford Smith is said to have been born in Gloucester about 1750. The Anacreontic Club, of which Mr. Tomlinson was first (?) president, was a jovial musical society for singing choral and part-music, catches, canons, and so on. I transcribe a few musical notes at the foot for identification."

The replies to the inquiries extensively made for these facts, shew that the above extracts will be read with great interest by scholars and musicians in this country, and the generous courtesy of Mr. Chappell will be appreciated by many who know his name and his works. The Biographical Dictionaries give the time of John Stafford Smith, from about 1750 to 1836, and mention his

The song “To Anaereon” is always admired on first acquaintance, but it has not gained a place among verses which make men stronger and happier in remembering them. Though it is free from grossness,\* it is a bacchanalian song, and, like its subject, it must be a transient pleasure at the best. It is said that in the first flush of popularity, its rhythm and music were used for poetical efforts more short-lived than itself. I do not discover that it was a favorite when Robert Treat Paine, Jr., used its measure in his spirited song, entitled “Adams and Liberty,” which was written for and first sung at the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society in Boston, on June 1, 1798.

Its first words—

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought  
For those rights, which unstained from your sires have descended;

And the energetic chorus—

For the sons of Columbia will never be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves—

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eminence as a musical composer. The Free Public Library of Worcester has an odd volume of *Calloope*, (the second), which does not contain the song.

In a subsequent publication, of the substance of his letter in *Notes and Queries*, 4 s. vol. 11, Mr. Chappell adds the interesting statement that the club “is now the Whittington Club; but in the last century it was frequented by such men as Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Percy, especially to sup there.” The name “Whittington,” commemorates him of the cat, whose obedience to the voice of the chimes, “Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,” has long been held up to encourage boys to stay at home. Richard Whittington’s cat, his inseparable companion and the founder of his fortune, is a dangerous subject to handle, as *Notes and Queries*, and other books will show. The easiest way of disposing of the question is to adopt the explanation of an authority free from antiquarian partialities, Sam. Foote, who, in the comedy entitled the “Nabobs,” gives an address of Sir Matthew Mite to the Society of Antiquaries, in which he maintains that the Cat was a kind of lighter, in which coal was brought to the London market,—and he is sustained by the dictionaries.

\* The character of the club and the tastes of the time being considered.

Will bring to mind its high sentiments and swelling sound, well suited for musical expression and enthusiastic effect. Though it was brought out in a time of great party bitterness, and it was exclusively claimed by one of the parties, it has nothing but the language of the broadest patriotism. With all its merits, it was never universally accepted as a national song, and the recent "Library of Poetry and Song," published under the sanction of the honored name of William Cullen Bryant, has rescued from oblivion "Sally in our Alley," but has no room for the Sons of Columbia. Some reasons for this failure may be briefly stated. The name of the wise patriot at the head of the government, which was a part of the title of the song, did not recommend it. The broad waves of democracy, which had begun to carry Mr. Jefferson to the highest place, for a time submerged the merits of Mr. Adams and his federal associates, and federal sentiments and federal songs lost their popular pre-eminence. This political movement, though partially unjust, was not wholly injurious, since it severed the last rope that bound our nation to the fast-anchored isle, from which it had been launched. Moreover, there was a felt, though unacknowledged, incongruity between the chorus and the condition of an increasing portion of our inhabitants, and the thoughts and feelings of the song are peculiar to the recent struggle and the escape from national peril; and the ideas of strength, prosperity and progress are not set forth as they should be in a national song.\*

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\*Mr. Paine made other less successful efforts to produce national songs, of which the most worthy of notice is his contribution of a song entitled *Spain*, set to the music of "To Anacreon," for a Boston festival in honor of the Spanish patriots, on January 24, 1809. The most respected of the 33,000 inhabitants of the good old town honored the occasion with their presence, and were regaled by eight

After sixteen years, in which the tune of the Anaereontic song was seldom heard in this country or in Europe, it was applied to the pathetic verses of Mr. Key. A few words may be permitted concerning the questioned right to use this rhythm and music for an American song. Notes and Queries (2d S. V. 6, 429) quotes from "amusing letters from America," this passage. "The air of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' which our cousins, with their customary impudence of assertion, claim as their own, is almost note for note that of the fine old English song, 'When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove.'" That the song "When Vulcan forged" &c., written by Thomas Dibdin, "is very little, if at all, older than the Star Spangled Banner," and its verses are not fitted to the same tune, are, to *an amusing writer*, facts "of no consequence." The quoted passage is a missile that has so often been thrown across the water, that it is worth while to pick it up and examine it for a moment.

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original odes and songs from well known and favorite poets. These are fully reported in a pamphlet entitled "Spain," with copyright secured in behalf of Mr. Paine, preserved in the American Antiquarian Library, and elsewhere. It would not be expected that the great city, from its present extent and resources, could set forth such an abundant treat. The first in the book and in popular favor at the time, is Mr. Paine's song, which is overloaded with absurd rhodomontade, and a sad failure as a whole. But it has some pleasant fancies, and the 7th verse is offered as the most favorable specimen:

O, to Spain let thy gratitude redolent burn;  
 First thy freedom to own, first thy shores to discover.  
 Hark! Her patriots with pride tell the tyrant they spurn,  
 That the new world she found, and the old will recover.  
 For commerce and thee  
 She unbosomed the sea,  
 And demands that the gates of the ocean be free.  
 Then swear from pollution, like Spain, thou wilt save  
 Thy flag and thy altars, thy home and thy grave.

Rev. Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner is mentioned by tradition as one of the authors, but it is difficult to conjecture which poem is most worthy of his well deserved reputation for elegant scholarship. A song, called the "Vicar of Bray," is said to be the work of Mr. Buxton, an Englishman, who was noted for humorous wit.

The English language and its treasures are the property of those who emigrated from the parent country and of those who remained there. And the emigrants have not been wanting in successful efforts to add something to the common store. When frauds are perpetrated against the individual producer's right to honor or profit, as has occurred on both sides, let the offenders be punished severely, as they will be, by shame and loss. But, in this case, there was no fraud and no injury. A musical composition, little regarded, was openly taken up as a neglected stray, and attached to verses, with which it was more effective than with the original words. An advantageous use gives a better right of property than a profitless discovery or invention. No one reproaches the Protestants of England that they took possession of an obscure French tune, and by a change in its movement adapted it to their taste, and their religious comfort and edification, as "Old Hundred."

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It will not be regretted by friends, that the five other poets have not been discovered.

It is not inappropriate to add that our associate, J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D. mentions a patriotic offshoot of the Anacreontic song, per'haps as good as any other commonly known before 1814, which he finds in "The New York Remembrancer, or the Songster's Magazine," printed in Albany in 1802. This is a song "full of 'anti-Gallicanism,' and inspired perhaps, by Adams' Message of 1797, or by the abrogation of the treaty with France in 1798." It begins—

"To the Gods, who preside o'er the nations below,  
 On Olympus' high summit convened in full session,  
 America's Genius, with laurel-wreathed brow,  
 To her noble constituents preferred this petition:  
 Let Columbia be free!  
 To confirm this decree,  
 Be their charter of freedom intrusted to me;  
 Still combine in firm union the Eagle and Dove,  
 The trident of Neptune, the thunder of Jove."

But these graceful words had no power to gain popular favor, or to preserve the remembrance of their author.



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An editorial of the BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER of May 1, 1873, states that the song referred to by Mr. Trumbull, was written for the celebration of the birthday of President Adams, by Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, of Portsmouth, N. H., (born 1745, died 1808) who made a figure at the bar of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. This song was very successful at the time and encouraged Mr. Sewall to try again in the same measure and with greater fervor on the President's next birthday. He published other poetry, of which very clever versions of the poems of Ossian were popular. But his work for all time, is this often quoted couplet from his epilogue to the Tragedy of Cato, written for the opening of a theatre in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1778:

"No pent up Utica contracts your powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is yours."

For a time the words of the Star Spangled Banner were occasionally sung by the cultivated and refined, but they were too sad for the spirit of a strong and ambitious people. But after forty years a cloud of anxiety and peril came over our land, that was faintly shadowed in the night watch of Mr. Key. Then strength and endurance were gladly sought in sympathy with the devoted patriotism and confident hope that he has so strongly expressed. That darkness has now passed, and the music, that cheered it, will not be heard above the loud and joyful tones of prosperity and ambition. The instrumental accompaniment and the thrilling chorus, worthy of the most beautiful national flag on the earth, will be a constant and untiring gratification to the ear and the heart of an American. But the words now in use will not be accepted as a permanent national song.

The distinction of being the undisputed and most approved American national song is conceded to "Hail Columbia," which was written in 1798, by Joseph Hopkinson, LL.D., of Philadelphia, for the benefit of an actor named Fox. The Columbian Centinel, of May 2, 1798, on the shelves of your library, gives the verses as we have them, and states that "it has been sung on the boards of Philadelphia." The Historical Magazine, vol. 5, page 282, on authority of William McKoy, of Philadelphia, in Poulson's Advertiser of 1829, mentions that this song was set to the music of "The President's March" by Johannes Roth, a German music teacher in that city. And the Historical Magazine, vol. 3, page 23, quotes from the Baltimore Clipper of 1841, that "The President's March" was composed by Professor Phyla, of Philadelphia, and was played at Tren-

ton in 1789,—when Washington passed over to New York to be inaugurated,—as it was stated by a son of Professor Phyla, who was one of the performers. The thoughts of “Hail Columbia” are elevated and refined, but they are peculiar to the circumstances of its origin. They are directed to the conflict that has just ceased, the efforts necessary to secure its fruits, and the possibility of future peril, with a just tribute to Washington and the other heroes and statesmen on whom the nation relies. With these qualities it has never satisfied the demand for a national patriotic song, and as time goes on, it is called for, in the absence of a better, with increasing infrequency.

“Yankee Doodle” is a national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims, for which its warmest friends do not care. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own older words,

“It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,  
And just as well for fighting.”

And its easy utterance and fearless and frolicsome humor make its accompaniment welcome on fit occasions, and preserve its popularity. It exists now as an instrumental, and not as a vocal performance. Its words are never heard, and I think would not be acceptable in America for public or private entertainments. And its music must be silent when serious purposes are entertained and men’s hearts are moved to high efforts and great sacrifices. As a song Yankee Doodle has not a national character.

To give an account of the Sapphic ode called “The Amer-

ican Hero," written by Hon. and Rev. Nathan Niles, and very popular in Connecticut during the revolutionary war, and to describe other abortive attempts to furnish a national song, would suit the patience of the study of an antiquary better than the small share that I can claim of this brief session. But I cannot omit to say a few words on the recent efforts to obtain a national song by transplanting the old English anthem God save the King. The most acceptable of these is the anthem called America, beginning, "My country 'tis of thee," and following the air and metre of its original. The author is Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, a professor in Colby University, and an eminent man for learning and character in the distinguished class that graduated from Harvard University in 1829. The anthem has much merit of thought and expression, but when it is sung it excites little enthusiasm, and it is easy to see that it is received with the limited satisfaction, with which a man might wear a coat that was borrowed and altered. Such imitations will never be recognized as national songs. There is much evidence that the tune has, in some degree, the character of national music in Prussia at the suggestion or with the sanction of royal authority before the establishment of the Empire. But it cannot be believed that this importation will be permitted to have a place above or at the side of the peculiar national songs of which Fatherland is proud. The English anthem must be welcome there, as in France and in this country, for its excellent music and appropriate words. But a national patriotic song must be partial and exclusive, for it is designed to excite loyalty, and not to cultivate good will among nations.

\* The weight of evidence is in favor of the claims of Henry Carey, Mus. D., who lived from 1692 to 1743, to the authorship of the poetry and music of "God Save the King." Of Dr. Carey, his friend Jean Frederic Lampe said: "His musical instruction did not enable him to put a bass to his own ballads." This noble anthem was made for the honor of George the Second, who otherwise received little honor from his subjects and their posterity. Such is the strange origin of the grandest patriotic song in the English language. We may learn what our American national song should be, by observing what the ancient model is in its several parts. The notes are emphatic as a chant, easily learned and distinctly sounded by many, so that the singers hear and are moved by the very words of their companions; and this effect is aided by the shortness of the words. Though the air is simple, it is fitted to rise with the strength of feeling. It appeals with power to loyalty, which in a monarchy is devotion to the king, his crown and dignity. It is suited to all the changes of national life, to joy or grief, to peace or war, to anxiety or triumph. It has enough of the progressive and aggressive character to gratify the Anglo-Saxon temper, and the attractive spice of party spirit is not wanting. And it is pervaded with an expression of religious trust that is more grateful to the mind of man than our philosophers are

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\* Notes and Queries, 3d s. Vol. 10, page 301. Georgian Era, vol. 4, page 241, and Chambers' Encyclopædia. Mr. William Chappell, alluding to songs supposed to be the original of the English anthem, which cannot be sung to the well known tune, writes in a note in 7th vol. of 2d s. Notes and Queries, page 227, that "all that have hitherto been traced to a period earlier than the reign of George II. are of this class." There is a general acquiescence in the decision of Mr. Chappell, in 2d vol. of Popular Music of the Olden Time, that Dr. Henry Carey is the author of the anthem, and other authorities concur.

willing to admit. A patriotic song equally well adapted to our institutions would be an ornament and a strength to our nation, and an untiring enjoyment to our people.



Frequent inquiries for the words of the Anacreontic Song and its two most famous offshoots prove that there is more extended interest in them than was expected, and that the songs are not contained in books in common use. They are therefore appended to this paper; and, placed side by side, they will show more distinctly their peculiar beauties and their surprising dissimilarity.

## TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

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WORDS BY RALPH TOMLINSON, ESQ., 1775 TO 1836.

*Music by John Stafford Smith, Gent. of His Majesty's Chapel Royal,  
who lived from 1750 to 1836.*

To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,  
A few sons of Harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be,  
When this answer arrived from the jolly old Grecian :  
    “ Voice, fiddle, and flute,  
    “ No longer be mute,  
“ I'll lend ye my name, and inspire ye to boot :  
    “ And besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine  
    “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;  
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—  
“ If these mortals are suffered their scheme to pursue,  
    “ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.  
    “ Hark ! already they cry,  
    “ In transports of joy,  
“ Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly,  
    “ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine  
    “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,  
    “ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;  
“ Idalia will boast of but tenantless shades,  
    “ And the biforked hill a mere desert will be ;  
        “ My thunder, no fear o'nt,  
        “ Shall soon do its errand,  
“ And ———, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant ;  
    “ I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine  
    “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

Apollo rose up and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,  
 "Good king of the gods, with my votaries below;  
 "Your thunder is useless;"—then, showing his laurel,  
 Cried, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!  
 "Then over each head  
 "My laurel I'll spread,  
 "So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,  
 "Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,  
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—  
 "The full tide of harmony still shall be his,  
 "But the song, and the catch, and the laugh, shall be mine.  
 "Then, Jove, be not jealous  
 "Of these honest fellows."  
 Cried Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us;  
 "And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall entwine  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;  
 Preserve unanimity, friendship and love.  
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily planned;  
 You've the sanction of gods and the flat of Jove.  
 While thus we agree,  
 Our toast let it be—  
 "May our club flourish happy, united and free,  
 "And long may the Sons of Anacreon entwine  
 "The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

## ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

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WORDS BY ROBERT TREAT PAINE—FIRST SUNG JUNE 1, 1798.

*Tune of the Anacreontic Song.*

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought  
For those rights, which unstained from your sires had descended,  
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,  
And your sons reap the soil, which their fathers defended.  
    'Mid the reign of mild peace,  
    May your nation increase,  
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;  
    And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
    While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,  
    Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,  
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled,  
    To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean—  
        But should pirates invade,  
        Though in thunder arrayed,  
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.  
    For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,  
    Had justly ennobled our nation in story,  
Till the dark cloud of faction obscured our young day,  
    And enveloped the sun of American glory.  
        But let traitors be told,  
        Who their country have sold,  
And bartered their God for his image in gold,  
    That ne'er will the sons, &c.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,  
 And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;  
 May Peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,  
 Find an ark of abode in our mild Constitution.

But though Peace is our aim,  
 Yet the boon we disclaim  
 If bought by our Sovereignty, Justice or Fame.  
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;  
 Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;  
 Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,  
 We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.

While with patriot pride,  
 To our laws we're allied,  
 No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.  
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,  
 Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;  
 But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,  
 Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.  
 Should invasion impend,  
 Every grove would descend  
 From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend.  
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,  
 Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;  
 Then let clouds thicken round us—we heed not the storm—  
 Our realm fears no shock but the earth's own explosion.  
 Foes assail us in vain,  
 Though their fleets bridge the main,  
 For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.  
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Should the tempest of War overshadow our land,  
 Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;  
 For unmoved at its portal, would Washington stand,  
 And repulse with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!  
 His sword from the sleep  
 Of its scabbard would leap,  
 And conduct with its point, every flash to the deep!  
 For ne'er shall the sons, &c.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;  
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;  
Her pride is her Adams; her laws are his choice,  
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.

Then unite heart and hand,  
Like Leonidas' band,  
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,  
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

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WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1814, BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

*Tune of "To the Sons of Anacreon."*

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!  
    And the rocket's red glare,  
    The bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
O say, does that star spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

    Now it catches the gleam  
    Of the morning's first beam—  
In full glory reflected—now shines on the stream—  
"Tis the star spangled banner! O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
    No refuge could save  
    The hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;  
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must,  
When our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust:"  
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!







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